RECITALS AND REMINISCENCES

Stories Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures in the Great National Struggle.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

The 32d Ohio Claims the Honor of Receiving It.

Editor National Tribune: The following question is asked in The National Tribune of March 14: "What officer met the flag of truce at Vicksburg on the morning of July 3, 1863, at the time of Pemberton's surrender?" At that time I was a Sergeant, and was the first officer to meet the flag of truce. Col. Benj. F. Cotts, commanding the 32d Ohio, was the first commissioned officer, Capt. Wm. M. Morris, of Co. D, 32d Ohio, was Officer of the Day, and took charge of the officers bearing the flag of truce. In a "write-up" of my experiences as a soldier I have this to say about the surrender of Vicksburg:

"July 4, 1863.—At midnight, July 2, the 32d Ohio took its usual place in the trenches on the firing line southeast of Fort Hill. The morning of July 3 dawned bright and clear, and soon the sharpshooters of both sides began their deadly work. About 8:30 a. m. Col. Potts sent for me to come to his 'bank,' at the right of the regiment, to do some writing for him, making out reports, etc. By 9:30 I had finished his work, and, getting permission, I began preparations to do some sharpshooting at that place, using the Colonel's field glass to locate the Johnnies on the other side. I scanned the rebel works from left to right in my front, when suddenly, about 10 a. m., two horsemen bearing a white flag came riding out of Fort Hill toward us, following a low ridge. Turning toward the Colonel I shouted, 'There comes a white flag.' He ordered the men to cease firing. I at once jumped over our works, running and walking rapidly, met the two officers bearing the white flag near an oak tree, which was about half-way between our line and that of the rebels. One of the officers said to me, 'Where is the commanding officer of this line of works?' I turned, pointing to where I had just left the Colonel, when I saw that he was coming, and about half-way between where we then were and our works, and replied, 'There he comes now.'

"By the time the Colonel came to us a great number of our boys who had sprung over our works, as I did, now came up. The Colonel noticing this, ordered all of us to our places in the trenches. The rebel officers were taken charge of by the Officer of the Day, Capt. Wm. M. Morris, Co. D, 32d Ohio, blindfolded and conducted to Gen. A. J. Smith's headquarters. White flags appeared upon the rebel works in our front and hostilities ceased. The rebel officers who bore the white flag were Gen. Bowen, a division commander, and Col. Montgomery, of Pemberton's staff. The names of these officers I learned soon after the surrender.

"Meeting of Grant and Pemberton.

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Grant and Gens. Ord, McPherson, Logan, A. J. Smith and their staff officers came riding thru our lines to the oak tree, and were there met by Gen. Pemberton and the two officers who bore the white flag in the morning. This meeting was nearly opposite the right of the regiment, in plain view and close enough that we could almost hear the conversation going on. After introductions and handshaking, Grant and Pemberton withdrew a little to one side, on the slope next to the enemy, seated themselves upon the ground, lighted cigars and entered into a conference. Presently Grant and Pemberton arose and the conference was ended. There was mounting of horses and Union and rebel Generals rode back into their respective lines. The white flags still remained upon the rebel works, and hostilities ceased to await result of correspondence with reference to acceptance of the terms offered by Gen. Grant. Expecting the place to be surrendered on the 4th, the troops of Logan's Division, then on the firing line, my regiment being a part, were ordered to remain in the trenches. On the morning of the 4th of July the sun arose bright and beautiful, and in anticipation of the end of the siege and of the surrender of Vicksburg and its defenses we felt buoyant and happy. Along toward morning word had come to us in the trenches that if the terms offered by Gen. Grant were accepted the Johnnies would march outside their lines at 9 o'clock a. m., stack arms in front of their works and march back inside as prisoners of war. How anxiously we awaited that hour! Would 9 o'clock never come?

"At last we saw the head of their columns coming, and soon they had marched outside, stacked their guns, placing their flags upon gun stacks, and were returning inside their works as prisoners. To us it was a glorious sight, and we felt that our long and weary marches, thru rain, mud and sunshine, hard fighting, ceaseless watching by day and by night, exposure to disease and death, were now at end. Gen. Logan's Division having approached nearest to the rebel works and sustained heaviest fighting and losses during the siege, was given the honor of marching into Vicksburg and taking possession, the troops of his division who were in the trenches on the morning of the surrender leading. The 32d Ohio was one of the first regiments to enter the city. The 45th Ill. was first and whose flag was placed on top of the Court House."

I have in my possession now the original courier dispatches from Gen. Grant to Gen. McPherson, as follows:

"Headquarters, 3d.

"Maj.-Gen. McPherson:

"Gen. Pemberton is to meet Gen. Grant in front of Gen. Logan's at 3 p. m. to-day.

"(Signed) J. A. Rawlins, A. A. G."

"Headquarters, 4th July.

"Maj.-Gen. McPherson:

"The terms offered by Gen. Grant were in the main accepted by Gen. Pemberton, except as to one (1) or two (2) minor points. The correspondence in reference to these will close by nine (9) o'clock. If the place is surrendered white flags will be displayed at that hour on their works. All troops will be kept in their positions, and Logan's Division held in readiness to go into the city on receipt of orders.

"(Signed) Jno. A. Rawlins."

"Headquarters, July 4, 1863.

"Maj.-Gen. McPherson:

"The enemy will march outside their works, stack arms and return inside as prisoners. No troops except those specified in special orders will enter the city for the present.

"U. S. Grant, Major-General."

In October, 1863, I was detailed for duty as clerk at Maj.-Gen. Jas. B. McPherson's headquarters and placed in charge of letters received and indorsements and memoranda. Every few weeks there would be a clean-up of accumulation of papers that had gone into the records, along with those of no special importance, and burned. At one of these "clean ups" I came across these dispatches, and thinking they might be interesting reading some day, saved them from the fire. As my letter is getting quite lengthy, I will bring it to a close, with best wishes for the soldiers' friend, The National Tribune.—Henry G. Lehmann, Sergeant, 32d Ohio, Van Wert, O.

Chickasaw Bayou.

Editor National Tribune: Reading your account of the Siege of Vicksburg reminds me of the part my regiment, the 29th Mo., took in that affair. We were in the first attempt at Chickasaw Bayou when our regiment was literally cut to pieces, losing fully half of the fighting force in an attempt to capture the Confederate fortified position on Walnut Hills. In making the charge we were compelled to cross several hundred feet of fallen timber on a bayou of almost bottomless muddy water, climb two steep banks, and then cross an open cornfield in the face of an enfilading fire of shot, shell, grape and canister, as well as musketry fire, the hottest of anything we endured during the entire war. The result was the almost entire destruction of our brigade (Blair's), many being killed, more wounded, and still more captured before they could get out into cover again. It was indeed a death trap. Many of our wounded were found the next day bayonetted and stript of every vestige of clothing. You may be sure I began to agree with Gen. Sherman that war was certainly h—ll. The remnants of our regiment accompanied the expedition against Arkansas Post, and the boys felt much better after our army had scooped in the entire Johnny garrison. Then we sailed away on a steamer for the vicinity of Vicksburg and began operations for the capture and opening up of the great Mississippi. Our regiment did its part in the work of digging a canal to open a way by the rebel batteries for our transports, which was not effectual, so in the Spring operations were begun looking to the flanking and surrounding of the city from the southern side. Our regiment also did its share in skirmishing, fighting and besieging, until the glorious 4th, when, as Comrade McElroy narrates, Gen. Pemberton capitulated to Gen. Grant. Several of my school chums were among Gen. Pemberton's command, but I did not meet them; but during the day I shook hands with a number of my late enemies and invited some of them to dinner, which invitation was courteously declined for various reasons. Immediately after the surrender our regiment received orders to get ready for further business of suppressing the rebellion by proceeding to hunt up Joe Johnston's squad, and see what they had to say about it. Our army followed his nearly across the State, and then returned to Big Black River and went into Summer camp to recuperate previous to the Chattanooga campaign, during which time I enjoyed a 30 days' furlough to St. Louis.—W. H. Gray, Captain, Co. H, 29th Mo., St. Louis, Mo.

THE 4TH MO. STATE CAV.

The Execution of an All-Around Bad Man.

Editor National Tribune: Will you kindly publish a few lines from an old veteran of three years' service and a subscriber of The National Tribune who reads with intense interest in the columns of the "Soldier's Friend" many things occurring in those dark days of the rebellion which brot mourning to many homes. When I look back to 42 years last March and think of what happened that month at Tipton, Mo., a little town then on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, I wonder if the other comrades would not be interested in hearing about it. The 4th Mo. State Cav., or the larger part of it, Geo. G. Hall commanding, was camped at this place. We moved from there out in a northeast direction about 10 or 12 miles. Why, I know not, unless it was on account of getting forage for our horses—a matter of great importance to all cavalry regiments—leaving behind us First Lieut. Walters, of Co. F, as Provost Marshal, with a body guard to look after the post. After we had gone about two miles and were passing thru some timber, the woods being open, we could see out on both sides for quite a distance. The head of the column discovered a man lying down on the ground about 400 or 500 feet from the road. Some of the boys rode out to him and called to him, but he made no reply, when they got down from their saddles and struck him. He waked up at this and pretended to be in a sleepy stupor, and made no very satisfactory answer to their question as to what he was doing there. They searched him and found a revolver buckled to his side, and the pair of saddlebags he had with him were also gone thru. He gave his name as Gilbert, and said he had been traveling thru the night, and, becoming weary, had lain down to rest, going to sleep. It was a pretty cold night in March to spend on the ground, and the boys did not believe what he said. They arrested him and took him back to Tipton, and on the way they searched him again and found another revolver. Arriving at camp they turned him over to the Provost Marshal. When it was known that we had a prisoner under guard the people began to come into camp to see who it was, and several citizens recognized the man at once as a certain Denny Mullen, and a hard case in a general way. He lived out about six miles to the southwest from Tipton, and would lie in the brush and shoot at all the Union soldiers he could, as well as the Union citizens, besides committing all sorts of depredations, such as robbing stores and dwellings. When his character was thus proven, the Provost Marshal had a 50-pound ball and chain fastened to his leg to keep him from getting away, and he then began a correspondence with the President and Secretary of War as to what he should do with the man. A court martial was ordered, and the man was tried, found guilty, and ordered to be executed. The Provost Marshal sent to the regiment for a detail of 15 men, and I happened to be one of them. We none of us knew why we were detailed, but supposed it was for some scouting service, but when we were drawn up in line we were told to report to the Provost Marshal in Tipton. When we reported we were informed that we were to execute by shooting the prisoner whom we had captured two weeks before, and the Provost Marshal picked out 10 of us, of whom I was one, took our guns away from us and gave us old Enfield rifles, some of which were loaded and some not. That morning Denny had sent word to his mother and three sisters that he was to be executed that day. The Provost Marshal cut the rivet that held the ball and chain to his leg, and the prisoner was then put into a wagon, with his coffin for a seat and a man on either side of him. The guard followed behind, trailing arms from there to the graveyard, a half mile north of town. On the way he looked over the country as if he were going on a picnic, and just as we arrived at the cemetery his mother and three sisters drove up in a [illegible]. They came running and screaming up to him, and we left them alone for some little time. Then we led him down to where his grave was dug, sat him down on his coffin, when he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and looked around as if nothing out of the way was going to happen. The Provost Marshal tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and asked him if he had anything to say. He spoke up in a firm voice, and replied that all he had to say was that he hoped the boys would shoot him dead. Then the Provost Marshal stept back to where we were standing in line, and gave the command to fire, and Denny fell back on his coffin with five or six bullets thru his body. We had calculated to bury him there, but his mother and sisters took the body home with them. So ended the career of that young man. There are several people now living in Seattle, Wash., who well remember the occurrence, as they lived in the vicinity of Tipton during the war and knew the Mullen family. If any of that firing squad are still alive I would like to hear from them.—F. M. Simpson, Co. G, 4th Mo. State Cav., 2305½ First Ave., corner Bell, Seattle, Wash.

A Series of Tragedies.

Editor National Tribune: Learning that the rebel leader Forrest had concentrated his forces at Tupelo, Gen. A. J. Smith advanced from Salisbury on the 7th of July, 1864, to give him battle. As we passed thru the village of Ripley the 14th Iowa led the division. The 128th Ill. came next, headed by its band, which was playing. The boys of the 128th had been in the service but a short time, their uniforms being new and clean. Their Colonel, a gallant looking man of 40 years old, rode at the head of the regiment, preceded by the band. On the outskirts of the town I noticed a large, fine frame dwelling house standing on rising ground, somewhat above the road, in the front door of which stood a frail, pale woman leaning with her elbow against the jam, looking at the soldiers. As the Colonel of the 128th Ill. (I have forgotten his name) came abreast of the door, the woman, whom we afterwards learned was the wife of the rebel Brigadier-General Falkner, reached inside, took a shotgun and, aiming at the Colonel, fired, the Colonel falling from his horse a corpse. Instantly, and without orders, the man who saw the assassination fired at the woman, and her corporality was completely riddled with bullets. They dragged her carcass out into the road, fired the house, and watched it until it was entirely consumed.

Falkner led a charge on us at Tupelo. His horse was killed, and he came on afoot until he fell as dead as the Lost Cause is today. The charge was repulsed, the rebels driven back and routed. As I passed Falkner's body where it lay on the field, it was almost nude, our boys having cut off pieces of his uniform as souvenirs. I secured a small piece of gold braid from the lower end of one of his trouser legs, which I still have in my possession.—G. W. Grant, Sergeant, Co. I, 14th Iowa, Hopland, Cal.

Pennsylvania Emergency Men.

Editor National Tribune: Sometime ago Comrade John McManus, Co. B, 59th Pa. Emergency Regiment, complained thru the columns of The National Tribune of the injustice done the Emergency men in excluding them from the pension list. I was an emergency volunteer in Co. F, 26th Pa., and have often protested when the long term or even three months' men have referred slightingly to us. It was the 26th Pa. Emergency Regiment which, mustered into the U. S. service only four days previous, was the first armed force to oppose the entrance of the onward marching rebels into Pennsylvania at Gettysburg, June 26, 1863, and the first troops to draw blood on that memorable field. Notwithtanding the fact that we numbered less than 800 men, fresh from civil life, and had to buck up against a brigade of rebel infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and some artillery, we not only were the means of checking the advance of the entire Confederate army for 24 hours (according to their official report), but escaped capture. In view of the fact that the Union army was on that day straining every nerve to overtake the Confederates, was not this day's delay in preventing the further advance of the Johnnies into the Keystone State an important factor? Who can tell what destruction they might have wrought had not this Emergency Regiment put up a stiff fight and kept them guessing a whole day and night, during which time Meade's army was marching on to Gettysburg? While the 26th was thus manuvering in the hills southwest of Gettysburg, other emergency regiments were throwing up earthworks on the south bank of the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, to enable them to resist an invasion of the enemy. Surely the survivors of the Pennsylvania Emergency Regiments should be placed on the pension rolls, notwithstanding their actual average service did not cover more than 60 days.

In 1861 my two older brothers enlisted in Co. A, 53d Pa. One fell at Fair Oaks and the other at Cold Harbor. Graham Post, 106, Dep't of Pa., is named in their honor. The National Tribune is chock full of interesting reading, but the type is too small for old men to read, and where will you find young men in the ranks of the civil war veterans?—D. F. Graham, Harrisburg, Pa.

A Shipmate's Story.

Editor National Tribune: It may be that anything from the Navy comrades might not interest the Army boys. I had the misfortune to ship in the Navy. I am not proud of my record, and have always been sorry I did not enlist in the cavalry, and go to the front as I should. The why is another story. I was always inclined to see the humor in events, and the funny things that happened are better remembered than some of the more serious ones.

I think I received two neater backhanded compliments than any other man in the service, and I challenge the comrades to equal or beat them. I was raised, more or less, a pet, and the most difficult service I had to perform was to keep from kicking over the traces. I was always committing some slight infraction of the rules, and every few days I was in the line on the quarterdeck in the afternoon. The Lieutenant would ask each man his excuse, but it did not make the slightest difference what it was—"Four hours extra watch." I never was alone; there were generally from 10 to 20 of us on the "Black List." When it came my turn (I forget what I had done or left undone), after listening to my excuse, the Lieutenant, with a sharp voice and the blackest scowl, said to me:

"Ward, what in —— did you come in the Navy for? We don't expect anything but blockheads here."

To reply would have meant four hours extra watch; still I cannot yet account for it, that I did not, for the thought instantly came to my mind: If the Lord will forgive me this time I'll promise never to do so any more. I shipped in the Navy under my own name, and I only knew one other of my shipmates who did so. The other backhanded compliment was not so good, and requires considerable explanation for a landsman who has not served in the Navy to understand. So for fear the editor will "cut it out," I will leave it for some other time.—S. S. Ward, U. S. S. Mohican, Napa, Cal.

The Army of the Cumberland.

Editor National Tribune: The Army of the Cumberland, ever since the battle of Chickamauga, has been held up to criticism by not a few individuals, writers who viewed the fight from afar officers who viewed the fight from afar off. I am sure Comrade Barnes must have been a brave batteryman and could "shoot accurately," or he would have lacked the courage to attack Chas. A. Dana's unjust assertion. Apparently no one, until quite recently, has had the courage to contradict or even question the truthfulness of what has been said regarding the "fighting qualities" of the Army of the Cumberland at the battle of Chickamauga. Chas. A. Dana, in my opinion, made one of the mistakes of his life when he asserted that the Army of the Cumberland was "demoralized" on that occasion. Subsequent events proved this to be totally unfounded. The events which followed the falling back to Chattanooga of Rosecrans's forces under the guiding hand of the indomitable "Rock of Chickamauga," George H. Thomas, prove conclusively the groundlessness of Gen. Grant's assertion that the "fight had all been knocked out of the Army of the Cumberland at Chickamauga, and they could not be trusted." I suggest that the readers of The National Tribune take down from its resting place the second volume of "The American Conflict," by Greeley, and read his account of the conflict where—

"Hooker's hosts up Lookout's rugged side,
With Bragg's minions played seek and hide."

Also the charge of the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland—

"Up the steep and stony ascent
Of Mission's Ridge they went;
No thought of death or peril there,
But all were bent on victory fair."

And won it, too, even with the "fight all knocked out of them at Chickamauga." If Gen. Thomas never smiled, it must have required a superhuman effort for him to have refrained when he saw his abused boys scaling Missionary Ridge, to the discomfort of Grant and contrary, no doubt, to his plans, for be it known that Grant did not intend that the Army of the Cumberland should gain any signal victory around Chattanooga. Missionary Ridge has generally been considered almost inaccessible to tourists, yet the Army of the Cumberland swept up its steep and rocky sides with scarcely a halt, and in the face of a fearful storm of shot, shell and minie balls, which made the ascent a thousand times more hazardous.—D. D. Holm, 5th Ind. Battery, Huntington, Ind.

YOUNGEST ENLISTMENT.

Three Years a Soldier in the 66th Ill.

Editor National Tribune: Seeing a great many statements as to youngest enlistments in our war of 1861 to 1865, I thot I would give the case of my brother, Fred Hoifbauer. Fred was born in Germany in December, 1847, and came to this country with his parents in 1848, when an infant of one year. In the Spring of 1862 he was an apprentice in a drug store in Rock Island, Ill., and in July went home to visit his parents, who then lived in Walcott, Iowa. He was crazy to enlist, and asked father's permission, but the latter said, "Your brother Charlie has gone in the 12th Mo., and Hugo is going the first of August, so you must stay at home, being entirely too young, anyway." Fred soon went back to his work, and presently father had a letter from his employer saying Fred had left, taking most of his clothing. Fred soon after wrote father from St. Louis, saying he had enlisted in "Birge's Sharpshooters," afterwards called the 66th Ill., I believe. Fred was rather small, but very compact and altogether well set up. At an inspection of Illinois troops in honor of Governor Oglesby, the Governor noticed Fred's small stature and said to him, "What are you doing here, my son; you are too small. If you want to go home I will have you discharged at once." Fred said if he had wanted to be at home he wouldn't have run away. Fred took part in every engagement of his regiment. When finally mustered out, they were sent to Springfield for final payment. I was stationed at Camp Butler at the time, and when the regiment arrived looked my brother up. After greetings, he went on to Springfield, while I hunted up some of his officers to find out his record. To my great astonishment the Lieutenant in command informed me that Fred and four of his comrades had been mustered out as deserters. Upon inquiry, it appeared that they had left camp to go on a lark, and were gone several days, during which time the regiment was mustered out. I happened to be a member of the court martial at Springfield, and just at the end of a case. After some persuasion I prevailed upon the Lieutenant to prefer charges against Fred and his comrades, and as I had some influence with the Judge Advocate, Capt. Smith, and also with Gen. Cook, commanding Department, I succeeded in getting the case up at once. The findings of the court was "Not guilty of desertion, but guilty of absence without leave," and the sentence was the loss of one month's pay and allowance. This was approved the next day, and enabled the boys to get their honorable discharge and final pay. Fred was 14 when he enlisted, and 17 when mustered out. There were three brothers and three brothers-in-law of us in the service, and all came back home with only one wounded. All but one of us saw three years' service, the total service bleng 17 years and one month.—Capt. Hugh Hoffbauer, 14th Iowa, Buffalo, Iowa.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE 19TH OHIO.

Their First Volley Was the Greatest Ever Heard.

Editor National Tribune: I do not see anything in The National Tribune with regard to Lincoln's first call, the first 75,000. All the boys write of something else, and I don't like it, for I believe something was done at that time, and I would like to call attention to a few things that happened in West Virginia. The brigade to which our regiment belonged was commanded by Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, and consisted of three Indiana and one Ohio regiments. What those "Hoosiers" did I'll let them tell if they want to, but it was plenty and quite their share.

The 19th Ohio was commanded by Col. Sam Beatty, of Stark County, who later in the war was promoted to Brigadier-General, and that he had a fine regiment needs no proof. Beatty was a very large man, unusually cool and steady. Only two things seemed to ruffle him. One was Co. G, of Akron, O., who, when the Colonel was riding at the head of the regiment, would make things lively in the rear, completely demoralizing the men by singing a part of that melodious extravaganza called "The grasshopper sat on a sweet potato vine —
And the turkey gobler came up behind,
And yanked him off the sweet potato vine."

Out of these words Co. G had manufactured a great many verses, which they kept on singing till the Colonel came back to reconnoiter, when, of course, all was silent. I don't wonder that the Colonel came tearing back, for when Co. G came to the word "yanked," Co. H joined in, and the force and expression which the two companies put into that word was "fierce." I think the boys must have had in mind what they meant to do to Col. Pegram's "Gray Jackets" at Rich Mountain a few days later, July 11. The Colonel opposed no objections to them that day; on the contrary, he encouraged the "yanking."

The other thing that irritated the Colonel and interfered with his digestion was this: Our Quartermaster was Jabez Fitch, who at the commencement of the war was United States Marshal for the Northern District of Ohio. While we were at Buckhannon, W. Va., a slave came into our camp, and our Second Lieutenant, Allen Campbell, afterwards Chief of Schofield's staff, took the negro as his servant. During the Lieutenant's absence one day the owner of the slave appeared and demanded his return, and Fitch, presuming on his U. S. Marshal's authority, gave the slave up to his owner. When Campbell returned and heard of this transaction things assumed a decidedly sulphurous aspect, and the regiment, generally siding with Campbell, made night hideous by shouting, "Who stole Lieut. Campbell's nigger?" the answer being, "Fitch, the ——," using a term not used in polite society now. Fitch reported all this to the Colonel, who was thoroly annoyed by the incident. Recognizing the necessity of enforcing discipline, however, the Colonel informed the officers that the noise must be discontinued. But was it? Not by a jugful. It was kept up until we arrived home in Ohio.

However, the 19th Ohio behaved with great gallantry and coolness in the battle of Rich Mountain July 11. Their first fire, I feel free to say, was never surpassed. There was, or seemed to be, but one great gun fired, every man pulling his trigger at the same instant. An Indiana Captain, who came home a Colonel and brevet Brigadier-General, wrote me a short time ago that he had heard a great deal about shooting, but that the first shot of the 19th Ohio beat anything he ever heard. Some of the most interesting things of the war happened in that West Virginia campaign of three months, but—let some of the other boys tell a little.—J. B. Kirk, Co. H, 19th Ohio, Lima, O.

Oldest Man on Army Rolls.

The oldest enlisted man on the rolls of the United States Army is Serg't David Robertson, of the Hospital Corps, stationed on Governor's Island. He is a native Scotchman. He first enlisted May 27, 1854, and he has been in continuous service, having the extraordinary record of never having lost a day. He is 74 years old.